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BOOK & JOB PRINTING

Executed with neatness and despatch.

POETRY.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

DISEASE.

BY THOMAS BURN ENGLISH, M. D.

It is a fearful thing to think on, this,
And muse on thy greatness, grim DISEASE!
Who can withstand thy wrath? What conqueror
But quails within thy presence? In thy grasp
Great CÆsar was an infant, and the son
Of Macedonian Philip but a boy.

Yet I have wrestled with thee in thy strength,
Smiler of Nations! At the midnight hour
Have I not spoken face to face in wrath,
And eye to eye confronted thee and thine,
Bearding the powers that laid NARCESS low?
Yea! journeyed with thee o'er the world,
Convey'd by wild DELTIAH. At first
I stood upon the shores of Egypt's sea,
And watched the waves that rolled and tossed and
heaved.

Like infant giants restless in their slumbers,
Till I could gaze no more. Then scaled the top
Of burning Etna, leaping in its mouth,
And dallying with its force, sulphurous flame,
As with a girl, in very wantonness.

Anon, I stood in Greenland's frigid clime,
With my clothes rent, yet felt no breath of chill;
My form consuming from its innate heat.
When'er I reached my native forest shades,
Huge monsters stared at me, and 'set me round;
Gigantic hounds with phantom hunters chased,
With laugh and howl and screech before them cast;
Safety was nigh, and yet as I would flee
Would still recede from me. At last I sank,
And then my spirit knew another scene,
Succeeded by another darker still;
And filled with deeper horrors, until tired
Of many freaks, fantastic autoer!
Thou left me to myself. Then would I waken
To find the being that my soul most loved,
Bent over with fond and anxious look;
And when her flowing ringlets touched my brow,
I deemed they were the raven wings of death.
Now came exhaustion.

Still my heart is proud
That I have grappled with thee, son of Sire,
And thou hast been no victor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Lesson.

A TALE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

Three ladies were seated in a richly furnished
apartment. They were the Misses Amanda and
Emma Ellis, and their cousin Delilah Charlton.
The latter was engaged in the womanly occupa-
tion of sewing—the two former in discussing,
critically, a ball at which all three had been present
the preceding evening.

"I don't like that Mr. Barton at all," said
Amanda, continuing the conversation.

"Nor we either," responded Miss Emma, who
was the eldest.

"And why not, cousin?" asked Delilah. "I
am sure he is handsome enough—is he not?"

"Yes, but —"

"But what, coz?" said she to Emma who had
spoken last. "Surely his manners are pleasing,
and his language polished—without affectation."

"Yes, yes, but for all that he is vulgar," said
Emma pettishly, "vulgar in his ideas."

"Vulgar!" exclaimed Delilah, "you must allow
me to differ with you, coz," she continued
looking in her cousin's face with a winning smile.
"I think he is quite refined—more so than Mr.
Brown or Mr. Price, and many of the other gen-
tlemen."

"Only think of comparing Mr. Barton with
Mr. Price and Mr. Brown—two gentlemen!"
exclaimed Miss Amanda Ellis. "Why Mr. Bar-
ton is a *Mechanic*!"

"Well, suppose he is, dear," said her cousin,
"does that make him vulgar, or less respectable.
For my part, I think a mechanic can be as much
of a gentleman, (in the true sense of the word)
as a millionaire."

"Well I declare, cousin Lile, you do have
some of the funniest notions," said Miss Amanda,
"just for all the world like pa—he thinks one
man just as good as another even though he be
a laborer."

"Yes," said Emma, "I do wish he would be
a little more circumspect, and find better com-
pany for his daughters, than *Mechanics*. It is
his fault, that Mr. Barton comes here; he gives
him such pressing invitations. I suppose he
wants me or Amanda. Would 'nt it make a fine
paragraph for the papers? Miss Amanda (or
Emma), daughter of James Ellis, merchant, to
Mr. Charles Barton, *Mechanic*. Oh, dear!" and
the spoiled beauty (for both sisters possessed
great personal beauty) threw herself back upon
the sofa and laughed heartily, as also did her
sister.

"Well, well, girls," said Mr. Ellis, who hid-
den by the half open door of the apartment, had
been an unobserved listener to the conversation,
and who now entered the room, "you may laugh
now, but you may live to regret that you did not
try to obtain Mr. Barton for a husband. Mark
that," and the old gentleman taking up his hat,
let the apartment.

"Who would have thought that pa was listen-
ing," said Miss Amanda, "but I don't care."

"I declare, if there is not Mr. Barton on the
steps," exclaimed Emma, who was looking thro'
the blinds. "Come, come," she continued, ad-
dressing her sister, "let us go up into the other
parlor, and leave cousin Lile to entertain him;

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Old Series. No. 17, Vol. 8.

it will be a pleasure to her; for she is partial to

mechanics," and the sisters left the room.
The object of the foregoing conversation was
a young man who Mr. Ellis had introduced to
his daughters, and niece, some months before as
a master mechanic. But unlike their father, who
valued a man for his character, and not for his
money, Misses Ellises were great sticklers for re-
spectability—their standard for which was riches—
and the consequence was, as we have seen,
that Mr. Barton did not stand any too high in
their good graces. Mr. Ellis knew this false
estimate of respectability was as predominant
fault in his daughter's characters, and he deter-
mined to give them a practical lesson. How he
succeeded, the sequel of our story will show.

A few moments after the sisters had left the
room, Mr. Barton entered. He was about the
middle height, with a fine figure, regular features,
and an intelligent countenance. His eyes were
deep blue—his eyebrows finely arched, and his
forehead high and white, from which the jet
black hair was pushed back, displaying its fine
proportions. He was certainly a handsome man,
which fact, even the Misses Ellises did not at-
tempt to deny, and the ease, and politeness, with
which he greeted Miss Charlton, spoke his
claim to that which lady herself had awarded
him—the title of gentleman.

He was soon seated, and in conversation with
Delilah. Delilah Charlton was a charming girl.
It is true she did not possess the exquisite pro-
portions, and regular features of her two cousins,
but then there was ever a sunny smile upon her
face, and a cheerful sparkle in her clear blue
eye, and she had such light and bounding spirits,
that made her appear, at least more bewitching;
at least so thought Mr. Barton as he gazed upon
her laughing countenance. How much better,
thought he it would be to possess her for a wife,
dependant as she is upon the uncle, and dowry-
less as she would be than either of the Misses
with their spoiled tempers, and their fortunes.
Thinking thus, it is to be wondered at, that he
left her with a half-formed determination to win
her love if it lay within his power?

When Delilah appeared at the dinner table
that day, many were the meaning and inquisitive
glances her cousin's cast upon her. At last, un-
able to restrain their loved habit of "running"
their cousin, they spoke.

"I hope you spent a very pleasant morning,
cousin," said Amanda, with a mock arch look.

"A very interesting *te te te*, was it not?"
whispered Emma across the table.

"I spent the morning very pleasantly," answered
Delilah blushing slightly.

"Oh, I dare say," said Emma sarcastically,
"I suppose he gave you a dissertation on me-
chanics, did he not coz?"

"Well, and suppose he did?" said Mr. Ellis
who had been listening patiently, but into whose
honest face the color now rose. "Is it not bet-
ter to listen to that, than to the senseless con-
versation and sickly sentiments, drawled out in at-
tacked, who disfigure humanity?" and the old man
cast such a look upon his daughters as made
them quail beneath it. "But never mind, Lile,"
he continued in a softer voice, and patting his
niece's rosy cheek, "never mind, Mr. Barton
is worth three or four such would-be-gentle-
men as Mr. Price and Mr. Brown, and in more
ways than one. Mark that girls! *He is worth
two or three such in more ways than one.*" The
last sentences he addressed to his daughters.

Days, weeks, and months rolled by, and Mr.
Barton had become a frequent visitor at Mr. El-
lis's. It was very evident he was paying particu-
lar attention to Delilah Charlton, and it was
also plain to see that they were not unaccept-
able. This fact furnished an ample subject for the sis-
ter's sarcastic remarks. As for their father,
whenever they indulged in them in his presence,
a knowing smile would play upon his face, and
he would repeat to them his assertions, that they
would some day wish they had obtained Mr. Bar-
ton for a husband.

Thus things continued for some time. At
length one morning, about three months subse-
quent to the period when our story commences,
Mr. Ellis entered the parlor where his daughters
were sitting with a light step and sparkling eye.

"Well, girls, what do you think of it?" said
he, rubbing his hands in glee.

"What?" asked both the young ladies in a
breath.

"The wedding we are going to have."
"The wedding! what wedding?"
"Your cousin's."

"Delilah's?"
"Yes." She is going to honor the *mechanic*
with her hand. What do you think of it, ha?"

"I don't think much of it," said Miss Emma,
with a toss of her head.

"You don't eh? Well suppose I was to tell
you that she is going to marry a man worth two
hundred thousand dollars, would that alter your
opinion?"

"Why what do you mean, pa?"
"Listen and I will tell you, girls," said the
old gentleman, bending upon his daughters a
grave and somewhat stern look. "The father
of Mr. Barton, to whom your cousin is soon to
be married, was an old friend of mine; we were
play-mates in boyhood. He was apprenticed to
the carpenter's trade about the same time I
entered the counting house. Soon after he had
finished learning this trade he went to the city of
Baltimore, and there started business for himself,
and where he married. Being possessed of
genius, and having a good education, from a
master mechanic and builder, he soon became an
architect; and subsequently amassed a large
fortune. Knowing the reverses of fortune to
which all are liable, he resolved to make his only
son Charles a good architect, so that if ever

the 'fickle dame' should desert him, he would
have wherewith to earn honestly his daily bread.
He completely succeeded. A year or two ago he
died, leaving his son his whole fortune. About
six months ago Charles came to this city on a
visit. He called upon me as his father's friend.
In the course of the conversation I asked him
why he was not married. He said he had never
yet met with a young lady that he thought worthy
of calling his wife, that he could find enough who
one he would never marry. I told him that I
would introduce him to some of our city ladies,
and see if he could find one among them to suit
him. He required that I should conceal his
wealth, and introduce him only as a master me-
chanic. I acquiesced, and, knowing your false
estimate of respectability, I embraced the oppor-
tunity of teaching a lesson, which I sincerely hope,
will have a salutary influence. I knew when I
brought him home with me, and introduced him,
that neither of you would be his chosen, because
I was certain you could not stoop so low as to
marry a master mechanic; but the event which
will soon take place I easily foresaw. Your
cousin knew nothing whatever of his wealth un-
til to-day. I see you look surprised, girls, but
did I not tell you that you would be sorry some-
day that you did not obtain him for a husband?
And did I not tell you he was worth two or three
such nifty-hammers as Mr. Price and Mr. Brown
in more ways than one? Remember girls, that
wealth is a false standard by which to judge of
respectability and worth. Not that a rich man
may not be respectable, but very often he who
earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, is
more of a gentleman than he who counts his
thousands."

And they did remember it. For in after years
they showed in their choice of husbands that
they had not forgotten their honest old father's
Lesson.—*Sunday Evening Post.*

Anecdote of a Sleep Walker.

During the revolutionary war, there was a gen-
tleman of large property residing in Brooklyn,
who was addicted to the habit of walking in his
sleep; panic struck at the invasion of the enemy,
he daily expected that his dwelling would be ran-
sacked and pillaged. Under the influence of
these fears, he rose one night, and taking a
strong box, which, awake, he never attempted to
lift without assistance, he proceeded down stairs,
furnished himself with a lantern and spade, and
in a deep wooden glenn about a quarter of a mile
from his house he buried his treasure, carefully
replacing the sods so as to create no suspicion of
their having been removed. This done, he re-
turned, undressed, and went to bed. Next morn-
ing he was the first to discover the absence of his
"strong box," without having the slightest remem-
berance of what had passed. Enraged at its loss,
he immediately accused his domestic of the rob-
bery, as no traces of violence were perceptible
either on the locks or doors of his house, that
could induce him to suspect strangers. Month
after month elapsed, and still the mystery was
not solved, and his family began to want the
necessaries of life without the means of procuring
them. At that period of public calamity no
money could be raised on real estate, and it was
at that season of the year when agricultural la-
bors had ceased, which left him no means of
earning a support for his family. To augment
his misery, his only son lay confined by a violent
fever, without any of those comforts which his
situation demanded. The mind of the despairing
father was strongly affected by this melancholy
view of the future; his rest became more fre-
quently broken, and he would often wander from
room to room all night with hurried and unequal steps,
as if pursued by an enemy. His wife and daugh-
ter, who were accustomed to these nightly wan-
derings never attempted to disturb him, unless
they were fearful some accident might befall him;
in this case it was necessary to employ the most
violent means to awaken him, upon which he
would exhibit so much fear and distress, that
they usually suffered him to recover gradually
from his trance, which was always succeeded by
a drowsiness, after which he would sink into a
light and natural sleep, which generally continu-
ed for several hours.

One night, as his daughter was watching, at
the couch of her sick brother, she heard her fa-
ther descend the stairs with a quick step, and
immediately followed him; she perceived he had
dressed himself, and was lighting a lantern at the
hearth, after which he unlocked the door and
looked out; he then returned to the kitchen, and
taking the lantern and spade he left the house.

Alarmed at the circumstance, which was not
usual,—though it sometimes occurred as above
related without the knowledge of his family,—she
hastily threw on a cloak and followed him to
the wood, trembling with apprehensions of—she
knew not what, both for herself and for her fa-
ther.

Having gained the place where he had three
months since buried the box, he set down the
lantern, so as to reflect strongly upon the spot;
he then removed the sods, and striking the spade
against its iron cover he laughed wildly, and ex-
claimed:—"My treasure is safe and we shall be
happy." And shouldering his heavy burden with
the strength of a Hercules, he stopped not as be-
fore to replace the sods of the earth, but snatch-
ing up his lantern, pursued his way directly home,
to the joy of his daughter, who could scarcely
support herself from the fears she had experi-
enced, which were that he was about to dig a grave,
and either commit suicide, or murder some one
of his defenseless family. Inexpressible, there-
fore, was her joy, on seeing him ascend the stairs
and place the box in its former recess; after
which, as usual, he retired to rest. His wife and
daughter, however, were too anxious to sleep

themselves; the one sat impatiently watching the
dawn of day, and the other retired to the apart-
ment of her suffering brother, to relieve his mind
of the joyful event, and her consequent hope of
his immediate recovery.

When the gentleman arose in the morning, his
wife observed the same gloom upon his counte-
nance as he anxiously inquired about the health
of his son, and expressed his sorrow at not being
able to procure those comforts for his family
which were so much needed. Finding him per-
fectly unconscious of all that had passed the pre-
ceding night, she watched the effect which the
restoration of the box would have upon his mind;
and, as she expected, with an astonishment al-
most amounting to phrenzy he exclaimed:—"Who
has done this? from whence came the box?"

Not until he had listened to the evidence of his
daughter, could he be convinced of the possibili-
ty of his performing such an act while asleep.—
Suffice it to say, that now health, peace, and
competence, were once more restored to his
dwelling, and the result of these blessings had a
salutary effect upon his mind; and although he
still continued his midnight excursions, yet his
friends were gratified to find them less frequent
than formerly, and his future dreams also—to
judge by his appearance—seemed to partake of
the mild, serene character of his waking thoughts.

The following, which we have cut from an exchange paper,
is a beautiful and touching specimen of paternal affec-
tion. It affects the heart and takes the understanding captive. It is, as a
man may say magnificent. Gross exaggeration could not be
had as the door of him, who should call it superb. It convinces
while it delights. We recommend it to people who write
elegies, as a model of the pathetic sublime. There is a moral
to it—a useful lesson, which should be learned over and
learned by heart.

Advantage of Taking a Newspaper.

I knew two friends as much alike
As e'er you saw two stumps;
And no phenologist could find
A difference in their bumps.

One took the papers, and his life
Was happier than a king's;
His children all can read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no papers, and
While strolling through a wood,
A tree fell down upon his crown
And hurt him, as it should!!

Had he been reading of the news,
At home like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent this accident
Would not have befallen him.

Empire of China.

The Empire of China is divided in twenty
provinces; there are one hundred and eighty-five
capitals, and as many cities of the second order.
The taxes and the duties amount annually to thirty-
million millions and a quarter pounds sterling—one
million nine hundred and eighteen thousand tons
of wheat and rice must be deducted for the sub-
sistence of the troops, and the supply of the public
granaries. The civil service costs but one
and a half million sterling per annum; but the
military service is six times as expensive, and
amounts to more than eight millions. Among
many other articles of the Chinese, we find eight
millions for the maintenance of the Yellow river,
two millions for the gardens of Yuen-Ming,
and considerable sums for the entertainment of
the Ministers of State of the first and second class,
to the number of three thousand five hundred and
twenty-five. The revenue of the nation in silver
and in products, is valued at thirty millions ster-
ling. The duties levied on English and Ameri-
can ships entering Canton, add about another
million to that sum. The revenue of England,
which possesses but twenty-two millions of popu-
lation, amounted in 1834, to one-third more
than that of the Chinese empire, which, accord-
ing to late enumerations, contains no less than
one hundred and sixty-four millions of inhabitants.
The persons in civil employment by the Govern-
ment do not exceed nine thousand five hundred
and eleven, and the military officers seven thou-
sand and five hundred and sixty-two. The army
consists of an enormous mass of one million two
hundred and sixty-three thousand men, of which
eight hundred and twenty-two thousand belong
to the infantry, four hundred and ten thousand
to the cavalry, and thirty thousand to the marine.

A Word to Young Men.

How often are we pained to see young men,
after the business of the day is finished, lounging
about fashionable places of resort; when the hours
they devote to the pursuit of pleasure as it is styled,
might be usefully occupied in the cultivation
of their minds. A young man has each night at
least four hours, before retiring to rest, which he
might occupy in reading and writing. Now say
he goes into business at the age of twenty, and
remains unmarried five years, he will then have
thousand three hundred hours. What a store of
knowledge might be acquired in that period!—
How much useful information might be obtain-
ed! Even after he marries, his family will not
detain him from an opportunity of instructing
himself in the arts and sciences.

Talents and Genius.

Who in the same
given time can produce more than others, has
vigor; who can produce more and better, has
talents; who can produce what none else can,
has genius.

In sober calmness reason has it sway.

POLITICAL.

SYMPTOMS OF WAR.

There is, at this moment, (says the New York
Herald,) a British surveying bark, called the
Thunder, engaged in surveying the Chesapeake
and Delaware. Last Friday her officers were
surveying the channel and the defences of the
Pea Patch. The same British man-of-war has
been at Charleston, South Carolina, and survey-
ed that harbor, and the probability is, she will
visit other American seaports for the same pur-
pose.

This is a most extraordinary measure. What
does it indicate?

This vessel has been sent out here by the Brit-
ish Government, to ascertain the channels of our
principal harbor, so that, in the event of war, the
English can send their steamships directly up to the
several cities on our sea-board, and bombard them,
before we are aware of their presence. The offi-
cers of this vessel are intended to ascertain also,
the precise state of the defences, which informa-
tion is communicated to the British Government
for the same friendly object? Shall this be?

We take the occasion to call the attention of
the Administration to this subject. It behooves
the Government to be on the alert, and we trust
that the President will insist, in his message, on
large appropriations for our national defences.
There is no time to lose.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

For twelve years the Democracy have exerted
themselves to have the country put in a state
of defence. For twelve years they have pressed
the subject of forts, arsenals, foundries, munitions
of war, ships, steam vessels, navy yards, &c. For
twelve years they have presented the national
defences as the proper object for the applica-
tion of the surplus revenue, and the overplus of
the land revenue not needed for current expenses;
and for twelve years the Federalists have
resisted and defeated all these wise and patriotic
attempts. Now their friends, the British, are
attending to the business for us, and are making
a military survey of our defenceless coasts.—Mr.
Ritchie wishes Mr. Tyler, to recommend largely
for the purpose of defence, and the Senate have
called upon him for plans and estimates.—Mr.
Van Buren's and Gen. Jackson's administrations
had both furnished to Congress plans and estimates
for the national defence; the new Adminis-
tration has been called upon to do the same, that
all the plans may be compared, and some one
adopted by Congress.—*Globe.*

SOUND SENTIMENTS.

The New York Post in an excellent article on the course
which the Administration party will be likely to pursue during
the Extra Session of Congress, makes the following sound re-
marks:—

"It is much to be hoped that the Democrats,
in these circumstances, will conduct themselves
in a manner honorable to themselves and useful
to their friends. An indiscriminate and factious
opposition to whatever the Whigs may propose,
would be alike unnecessary and unwise. Let
the enemy unfold his plans, let them be canvassed
with fairness, let the evil, or the good, if any,
be pointed out intelligently and clearly, and let
immutable principles of Democratic faith be as-
serted with fortitude and energy. Now power
men can possess, is superior to the power of boldly
uttering the great principles of truth, and rigidly
maintaining them, in a season of adversity. It
has a moral force greater than the force of num-
bers. As a sign of the sincerity of our convic-
tions, as a proof of immovable devotion to right,
as the earnest of a disposition to fight for a good
cause, against all foes, it is a sublime act of faith
and determination, itself invincible, yet capable
of overcoming all hostility.

"The Whigs find themselves in a false position.
Their avarice and ambition has seduced them into
practices against which their reason rebels. As
it always and inevitably happens in such cases,
they are essentially weak. They are embarrass-
ed, hampered, uneasy and desperate. They have
surrounded themselves with falsehood, until the
atmosphere darkened, they are compelled to
grope to find their own way. The safest course
for their adversaries is to leave them, with a sim-
ple protest against their devices to themselves;
for that is their surliest course to destruction."

Referring to the manner in which the appoint-
ing power has been perverted, the Richmond
Enquirer remarks:

"The present Administration has been but a
short time in power—but none are more active
in making removals—but none more unfortunate
in making appointments. The appointment of Be-
la Badger, alone, and the subsequent selection
of the custom-house of Philadelphia, of the com-
rades and pipe-layers of Badger, is sufficient
alone to constitute a sort of era. Mr. Tyler
declared, in October last, that no removal should
be made for the purpose of putting in a clamor-
ous demagogue and zealous partizan. Now, if
Bela Badger be not of this stamp, where in the
name of wonders can we find one? But if Bela
Badger and his associate pipe-layers can be re-
warded with office, who may not expect to be
compensated for being 'clamorous partisans'?"

Curious Errata.

The Federal pressers be-
fore the election, condemned what they were
pleased to call the proscription for opinion's sake
of General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren, and not
a man of them but what said if the Whigs got
power, they would apply no test but that of com-
petency and fidelity. Well, they have got pow-
er, and are now using it in carrying on the most
flagrant proscription for opinion's sake that the
country has ever witnessed. And to defend
themselves they say they are only following the
example set them by Democratic Administrations—
that is, they are *only doing now, what, a few
months ago, they so loudly condemned!* Were
they hypocrites then, or are they knaves now?
—*N. Y. New Era.*

Robert M. T. Hunter.

the Speaker of the
last House of Representatives, voted for J. W.
Jones, the Democratic candidate for Speaker of
the present House.—*Argus.*

Democratic State Convention.

By order of the Committee of the
Democratic Members of the Legislature.

The Valuation Resolve is just what the seaboard wants—just such as will oppress the country. The democratic members made a short struggle to equalize its bearings, but were gagged off. The Apportionment Resolves are even worse. Fifteen counties are disfranchised, embracing a population of 150,000. The City of Bangor is allowed a Representative to which it is not entitled and Aroostook County is robbed of it. Cumberland County is so mulcted as to give the aristocracy the control there—one quarter of Waldo County is placed under the wing of Kennebec, subject to the control of Waterville, Augusta, Hallowell and Gardiner; and these things are done—these highhanded assaults upon the agricultural interest, and this bold violation of the State Constitution, are committed by the men who propose this

"If a bad Governor should be chosen, or public sentiment

Some of the icebergs seen from the Great Western, were estimated by Capt. Hosken, at little less than a mile long, and from 150 to 200 feet high—the field ice was in large masses, some of them not less than 20 feet square by six feet thick or more.

The Prussian State Gazette estimates the political exiles dispersed throughout the four governments of Siberia, at nearly one hundred thousand; all victims of despotism.

Seven ships of 340 to 380 tons, are building at Mattapoisett, for the enterprising whaling merchants of New Bedford and Nantucket,

The Saco Democrat, in relation to President's Message, says:—

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The Proprietor feels the fullest confidence in the superior
virtues of the UNCLE BEN'S BLOOD-ROOT PILLS.
They are intended to be put into the hands of the poor and
only wish it to have their claim subjected to the severe but
satisfactory test of intelligent experience. For sale by R. S.
BLASDEL, East Thetford, N.H.

AGENTS for the BLOOD-ROOT PILLS
in Oxford County:

HIRAM HUBBARD, Paula Hill, O. H. PARR, Joseph
Parley, O. Howe, Sumner, A. Cole & Co., Dickinson, J.
O. Hunt, J. C. Smith, J. W. Smith, J. C. Stephens,
Greenwood, E. E. Goodnow, Norway, O. C. Green,
C. O. Rumford, J. T. Watfield, Rumford, Graham & Knapp,
Rumford, J. W. Walker, Peru, P. M. Dutton, Canaan, J.
W. Dodge, Livermore, A. Holt, Livermore, L. Waterman,
Livermore.

Wm. S. Osgood, 1. Stacy, Fayette. 1832.

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Calcedonia square, Edi-
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S. ROBERTS.
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